



Geronimo Stilton

# THE DRAGON PROPHECY

THE FOURTH ADVENTURE  
IN THE  
KINGDOM OF FANTASY



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# DON'T EMBARRASS ME!

It was five o'clock on a Friday evening in autumn and I couldn't wait to leave the office. I was looking forward to a **peaceful** weekend at home *relaxing* in front of the fire with a good book. I could just picture myself in my favorite pawchair. . . .






Oh, excuse me. I haven't introduced myself!  
My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*. I am the publisher of *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most famous newspaper on Mouse Island.



Anyway, as I was saying, that evening I was about to turn off my computer and stop working when . . . the phone **rang**.

At that exact instant, my cell phone began playing my latest squeaktone. I had **THIRTY-FIVE text messages** in my in-box! 

Then the fax machine started **spitting** out sheets of paper all over the room.

And the computer began shrieking like my Cheeseball the Clown alarm clock with the volume set on **Hysterical**.  
**BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP!**

I glanced at the screen. **Holey cheese!** I had received fifty-seven new emails!

What was going on?



I grabbed the phone, hoping to solve the mystery. **RATS!** It was my grandfather William Shortpaws. Nine times out of ten Grandfather calls only to **yell** at me.

This time he shouted, “Grandson, you better be ready for the grand opening! Don’t **embarrass** me!”

**Grand opening?** I had no idea what Grandfather was talking about.



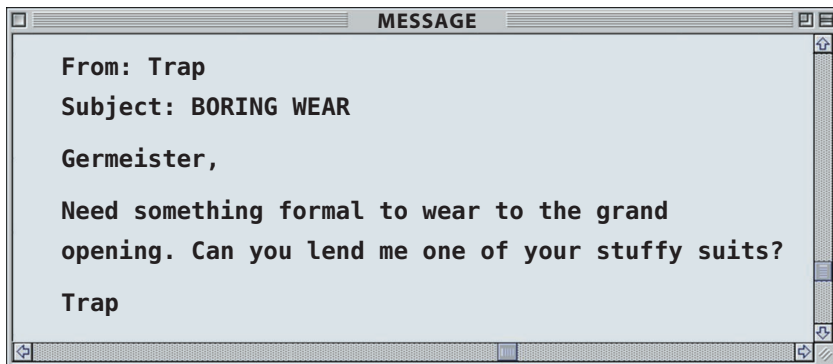


Then my cell phone rang again.

It was my sister, Thea. “**Hey, Gerry Berry!** Let me know if you need a photographer for the grand opening!” she squeaked before she hung up.

**Grand opening?** I had no idea what Thea was talking about.

I decided to go through my email. After all, I had **FIFTY-SEVEN MESSAGES!** The first was from my cousin Trap.



I scratched my head.

**Grand opening?** I had no idea what Trap was talking about.



I started to read my text messages, but I didn't get past the first one. It was from **Petunia Pretty Paws**.

“G, Good luck organizing the grand opening. See you there!” it read.

I had no idea what Petunia was talking about, but just thinking about her made me **smile**. She is such a special mouse. She's smart and kind and funny and **pretty** and . . .

Without even realizing it, I started to doodle her name **over and over** on a piece of paper.

